

OCALA EVENING STAR

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If the Williston Courier was to bite itself any time this week, it would die.

Senator J. S. Blitch of Levy county is said to bear a marked resemblance to Napoleon. His Waterloo came early.

The Star takes off its hats to the people of Williston. They believe in their town and made a brave fight for it.

The people of Williston needn't feel badly about not having a county seat in their town. They are always welcome in Ocala.

Gus Morton has gone for a trip up Salt river. He says it is worse than that eleven-mile canal he tried to dig from Silver Springs to Ocala.

Of the big delegation of Taylor and Lafayette county people who passed thru Ocala in their autos, going to and from Lakeland, more than half were farmers.

The people of Northwest Marion have been loyal to their county. Their county must be loyal to them. Never again must they be allowed to feel that they are stepchildren in their mother's home.

Tuesday's vote proves what the Star charged, that the entire county division fight was to further the ambition of Williston. Outside of Williston and its immediate neighborhood there was no desire for a new county. Of course, we don't blame Williston for being ambitious.

It is likely that Mayor Robertson will serve the city for at least another term as executive officer. A petition asking him to be a candidate was carried around yesterday, and from the rapidity with which people signed it, it would seem that the mayor has lost none of his popularity.

The petition appearing in Tuesday's Star, asking Col. G. A. Nash to become a candidate for mayor, was circulated and printed without his knowledge. Colonel Nash informs the Star that he has no desire nor intention of becoming a candidate for mayor. It is probable that Mr. Nash's friends will insist on his serving another term on the council. He is acceptable to the entire city as well as to the fourth ward.

Straub of the St. Petersburg Times says that the Bloxhamites who went down his way told him that they had to pay the Star for everything in their favor that it printed, while their opponents had free use of the paper's columns. Up here, the official organ of Bloxham charges that the Star has been heavily paid for everything it printed against county division. We guess that Straub will make up his mind that somebody is a mighty incompetent liar, and we will leave him to decide who to give the button to.

The last issue of the Levy Times-Democrat, an anti, before the election has an entire section devoted to letters from Pinellas antis knocking this county, and it is an amazing symposium, indeed. Most of them were addressed to individuals, and presumably their authors did not expect them to go into print for general circulation.—St. Petersburg Times.

Begging your pardon, friend Times, but the authors of the said letters were very well aware they were going to be printed, and some of them came up here to back their statements.

When our friend Straub of the St. Petersburg Times reads the returns of Tuesday's election up this way, and sees that the Marion precincts voted solidly and overwhelmingly to stay in their old home county, and when he reflects that the Star has circulated extensively in those precincts for the last eighteen years, and most of the people in them are its personal friends, perhaps it will percolate into his bean why the Star hasn't been neutral in the contest, and also that his idea that the Star should have favored division was unnatural and ridiculous.

At the mass meeting Monday night, Councilman Roess gave it as a reason for trying to shift the waterworks to the Taylor's pond lot that one of the wells on the present site had gone bad. The trouble with this well began some years ago, and is caused not by the water supply but the casing, which is old and worn out, giving away. This well has not been used for drinking water for years. It has been held in reserve for use in case of a very bad fire, but the water from it hasn't been allowed to mix with that of the other wells. Mr. Roess has been on the council for almost

two years, and it is strange that he so carefully guarded this matter until it was necessary to mention it in order to carry his point. In future, we would advise Mr. Roess to tell the people all he knows about their drinking water and other public matters. The people of Ocala don't elect men to keep their city affairs covered up.

SITES FOR WATERWORKS

The people of Ocala, particularly the heads of families, should go and take a look at the Taylor pond lot, where a majority of our city council seems willing to make the great mistake of locating our waterworks.

The east side of the lot is high and dry. The remainder is swamp. From the south there runs into and soaks all thru it a small stream that for the last thirty years has practically been a sewer for a large part of the town. On the southern and western side are negro cabins tenanted by people who are never fastidious, and many of whom would be unclean if the health officers did not keep a close watch on them. Some two or three acres of the lot have been for the last few years a deposit for the entire garbage of the city. Into the west side of the lot, the pipe that carries the filthy water at the foot of Magnolia street discharges its contents.

The ground is obscene on the surface and fairly reeking with filth for no one knows how many feet in depth. If your waterworks are located on this lot, the wells will have to be sunk thru this soil. It is inevitable that more or less of the filth will get into the pipes while the wells are being dug. It is possible, of course, to find pure water far down under the surface. But anytime in the next hundred years a crack may develop in the limestone, and send some deposit of filth into the water supply. And in a minute of time enough disease may go into the water pipes to sicken a thousand people.

As Mr. Zewadski most truthfully and appropriately said at the Monday night meeting, the reputation of the lot is enough to condemn the proposition.

Several engineers, expert and disinterested men, have advised against locating the waterworks on this lot. Among the reasons they give against it is that if it became known that Ocala was obtaining its water supply from such a source, it would do the town great harm.

And it would. It would do it as much harm as a yellow fever epidemic and be harder to live down.

Some people say, "All this should have been said before the council spent \$6000 on the lot."

In the first place, the council only paid \$4000 for the lot. The council virtually had to buy the lot. And it did a very good piece of business when it made the purchase. The city was absolutely compelled to have a place to put its garbage. It has more than saved the money on that alone. The lot is useful in other ways. It is a good place for the city stables. As Mr. Meffert says, there is a big supply of lime and flint rock on it, that will be worth thousands of dollars to the city in the future. The city is bound to have a crematory sometime, which can be located on it. If the city buys the gasplant, or puts up one of its own, it can be located there. As population increases, the lot can be drained and filled in and factories located there. If the Silver Springs canal ever comes to Ocala, the lower part of the lot will be the only accessible place for its mooring pool and docks.

As a matter of fact, the city could not afford to take \$20,000 for the lot today. Twenty years from now it will be worth \$100,000. But not for waterworks.

At the least computation, it would take \$25,000 to make a decent park out of the Taylor pond lot, and then nine-tenths of the people wouldn't use it. The same money would build a trolley line to Silver Springs which nine-tenths of the people would use.

Postmaster Rogers, in his letter to the Star about the water works site, gives as one of his reasons against the present location the fact that ten sewerage wells are located in 300 yards of it. Very true, "Colonel Bob," but we are going to put in a sewerage system and do away with the dangerous wells. Your objection would apply with tenfold force on the Taylor pond lot. Mr. Rogers, however, is not married to said lot. As will be seen by his letter he favors Mr. Seymour's location, and when the Star called his attention to it, he said he would highly approve of Silver Springs. He wants the question properly settled for the future.

A few months ago, President Meffert of the council proposed that the city change its charter so that it

could offer financial inducements to manufacturing enterprises, and some people charged him with originating a graft scheme. Now it is proposed that as an incentive to solid prosperity that we blow in \$20,000 or more turning a swamp into a public park. A couple of thousand dollars might induce a manufacturing enterprise, with twenty or more families to locate here. A park would not induce anybody to come here and few of our own people would use it. We wonder why this city is plagued with schemes to put the cart before the horse?

PARKS AND SWIMMING POOLS

One of the arguments in favor of moving the waterworks to the Taylor pond lot is that it will enable the city to have swimming pools and a park.

As the readers of the Star know, it has contended vigorously in the past for swimming pools for Ocala boys. It considers them as a necessity and something the city should have as soon as possible.

There is, however, plenty of room on the present water works lot for a swimming pool. There is in fact, already a swimming pool there, and when the new waterworks are installed, it can be returned to its original purpose, or another pool can be built at a comparatively small cost. There will be a public swimming pool more quickly and more cheaply on the present site than elsewhere.

As for a park, it would be nice for Ocala to have a park. But Ocala needs a park considerably less than she needs almost any other public improvement. There is very little demand for a park. Not one tenth of our people even think of a park. As compared with many cities, Ocala is more than half park. The streets are wide and shaded and most of the houses have yards. Parks are needed principally in cities where children have no room to play, and grown folks no resting place to go out of doors. Ocala is nothing like that, and will not be for a long time.

But if we had to have a park, it would be impossible for us to pick a worse place for a park than the Taylor pond lot. If our people will take the trouble to go and look at it, most of them, we think, will agree with the Star. The ground is filthy and the surroundings are ugly. It would take thousands of dollars to make a park of it, and there are a dozen places in town where the same money could be expended to a much greater advantage.

If the city absolutely needs a park, let one be made of the civic center. It is being used for nothing else; a few hundred dollars would make a park of it, and its being a park would not prevent it being used as a municipal center when the city has money to erect the buildings. But, as a matter of fact, a park is the thing Ocala needs the least either for the people here or the people we want to induce to come here.

County Commissioner Hutchins is in the city today. He is very much elated over the fact that his section is not to be cut off from Marion to form a part of the Bloxham experiment.

Blitchton precinct was one of the fighting grounds of the Bloxhamites Tuesday, and the splendid majority piled up against the division is due largely to the incessant work of Mr. B. R. Blitch, member of the county school board, and Mr. John W. Coulter, one of the live wires of that section. Andrew Canaday and Jake Roberts, two loyal colored citizens of the Blitchton precinct, also did good work all during the campaign to save themselves from being taken into a new county against their will.

Dr. S. H. Blitch, of Blitchton, and J. P. Parker, of the Cotton Plant section, are in town today and wear the smile that won't come off on account of the result of yesterday's Bloxham county contest.

Secretary Rooney has received the following note:

It would be respectfully appreciated if the readers of this notice would send us the names and addresses of their friends and relatives who formerly resided in Florida and who now reside in New York. Kindly send said information to Captain Lewis Landes, 299 Broadway, New York City, chairman pro tunc of the Florida Society.

Maud Muller on a summer's day. Watched the hired man raking hay. She laughed and chortled in great glee. When up his pant leg crawled a bee. Shortly the farm hand laughed in turn. When a big grasshopper crawled up her'n.—Exchange.

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The Diamond From the Sky

By ROY L. MCCARDELL

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(Continued from Last Week)

CHAPTER XIX.

Old Foes With New Faces.

AFFLICTED as he was with his deformity, Quabba, the hunchback—be of the sunny face and happy heart—was as agile and sleek as the monkey Clarence, his companion on his way through the world. But now the hunchback is neither sunny of face nor happy of heart. A wild tremor of fear, anxiety and remorse shakes him in an agony of terror and confusion.

Sending the rocking stone, pried from the perch where it had swayed for centuries, had only meant death for all below, thought Quabba.

Instead of saving his young and old mistress and his gypsy friends from the raid of desperate tramps led by Luke Lovell, Quabba now deemed that he had destroyed those he had loved, as well as their enemies.

But as he ran panting down the mountain side Quabba saw that some of the gypsies, warned by the clatter and roar of the landslide the massive, bounding, loosened rocking stone had started, had fled to safety.

He saw some half score of gypsy men and women fleeing rapidly up the opposite slope of the valley from the destroyed gypsy camp. Through the dust that was settling in a cloud over the debris and rubble where the camp had stood the straining eyes of Quabba could mark the ragged figures of some of the assaulting tramps limping away from the scene of destruction, as bootless as they had come.

When Quabba reached the heaps of stone and wreckage that had been the camp site he found the gypsies already gathered in a group to where the van of Hagar lay overturned and half covered by a mass of rocks and earth. Then his heart beat again with joy as he heard the voice of Esther, tremulous, yet brave for all that, issue from beneath the van. "If you are friends, save us," was Esther's cry. Strong and willing hands tore at the heaped up rock and rubble, and strained and lifted the van.

Soon the van was raised from over the cavity its very overturning had made. There was Esther and Hagar, trembling but unhurt save for a few minor scratches and bruises, but in the bottom of the cavity lay the bulky form of Luke Lovell, stark and still.

Kindly hands drew Hagar and Esther out and Quabba felt at their feet, uttering incoherent self accusations mingled with equally incoherent thanksgivings. A kindly hand threw a coat across the innumerate face and form of the gypsy outlaw.

Then comedy succeeded tragedy. The

shrill, chattering cries of Clarence, the monkey, were heard voicing his shrunken fright and indignation from within the van.

The mercantile gypsies turned from sighs to laughter, and even the wan lips of Esther were wreathed in a smile as Quabba cried excitedly, "I am coming, Clarence, my son!" and so saying he wrenched open the slatted window of the van and the frightened monkey leaped into his master's arms and began chattering his thanks and joy.

The saving of gypsy lives was due to the providential fact that the onslaught of the marauding tramps led by Lovell had driven the gypsies from the danger zone where the avalanche of stones and earth had struck the camp.

How many of the invaders lay buried beneath the settled landslide the philosophical gypsies neither cared nor sought to ascertain. It was later found that Luke Lovell evidently had been only stunned and not killed, as was at first supposed. For when the gypsies returned, after making rude shelter tents away from the rubble of the landslide for Esther, Hagar and their children and women folk, no trace of Lovell could be found.

He had recovered consciousness, it was evident, and had stolen away, fearful of the vengeance of his former Roman associates.

Quabba deemed it best to keep secret the fact that he had been the genius of the landslide. It had been a fatal success. He affected the philosophy of the gypsies in the matter and agreed with them that somehow good had come out of the general destruction, even if it were only their riddance of the unscrupulous Luke Lovell and his ruffian rabble, the tramps.

Acknowledged as their princess and reigning over them as regent for the afflicted Hagar, Esther appointed a head man from the gypsies in the place of the deposed and banished Lovell and returned with Hagar and Quabba to Stanley hall, while was

(Continued on Third Page)

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A Crabby Story

At a recent church social a young man, sitting out with a nice girl, could find nothing to say, so he makes the following remarks:

(He)—"Do you like crabs?"
(She)—"Yes."
(He)—"Does your papa like crabs?"
(She)—"Yes."
(He)—"Does your mama like crabs?"
(She)—"I think so."
(He)—"Your brother, does he like crabs?"
(She)—"I have no brother, sir."

(He)—"Well, if you had a brother, do you suppose he would like crabs?"

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